

F-46.103
~~G4133~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

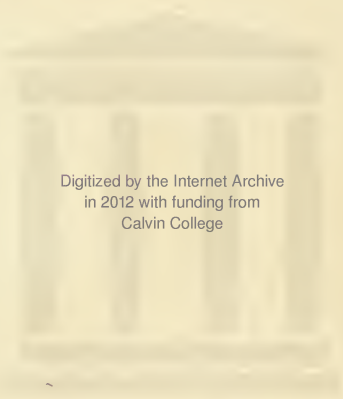
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
1246



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Calvin College



H Y M N S

FOR



S O C I A L M E E T I N G S ;

SELECTED BY

A. D. GILLETTE.



PHILADELPHIA :

FIDELIO BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM, PUBLISHER.

1842.

TO
ALL THOSE WHO
LOVE SOCIAL MEETINGS,
THESE HYMNS ARE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY
THE COMPILER.

KING & BAIRD, Printers, No. 9, George street.

P R E F A C E .

Two years since, many of the flock of which I trust the Holy Ghost has made me overseer, expressed a concerted wish that I would collect and publish the "good old hymns" which were scattered throughout many books, but not all contained in any one. I resolved to comply with their wishes, but I progressed so slowly that the patience of my petitioners was exhausted, and early this year the request was again made by some hundreds. What could I do?—I made a book, and I offer it to the public, certain that it contains more rare Hymns, adapted to social worship, than any one now in use. If some are not all pure poetry in com-

position, they can "the soul of music shed," and whenever sung, will awaken in many hearts the embalmed recollections of earliest minstrelsy.

Some of these songs were sung by the pious mothers who rocked the cradles of our country's most honored names. They were almost the only "Psalmody" used by the cross-bearing founders of our oldest American Churches.

Instead of regretting the publicity we now give to many of these songs, our only regret on the subject is, that we have not found more of the same class, and that our own hearts do not more joyfully vibrate to the strains they breathe.

Philadelphia.

P R A I S E .

1 L. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 FATHER in Heaven! these courts attend,
Thy spirit to this meeting send ;
May all our hearts and all our tongues,
Adore Thee in our solemn songs.
- 2 We bless Thy pure, Thy matchless love
That condescends so oft to prove
Thy presence, and thine influence, where
Thy children meet for praise and prayer.
- 3 We're met in thy blest name, O Lord,
To speak and hear thy holy word—
O ! may its power and influence show,
What all should most desire to know.
- 4 Show how on Christ, our sins and all
Our hopes of pard'ning grace must fall—
How his atoning, cleansing blood
Prepares us for thy high abode,

2

H. M.—STENNETT.

- 1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame :
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do :
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.
- 3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell !
- 4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumphs led :
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,

And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

3 S. M.—DODDRIDGE.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair !
No lurking sins t' entrap our feet ;
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way !
To Him who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day !

4

S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r ;
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 2 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on rejoicing, ev'ry day,
 In Christ, th' exalted King.
 Soon shall your raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sweeter voices raise the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
-

5

P. M.—NEWTON.

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Gay visions, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 Have all lost their sweetness with me ;
 The midsummer's sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
'Thy soul cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

6

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;

To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound :
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

7

7's.—CENNICK.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 2 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;

Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.
 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 'There your seat is now prepar'd,—
 'There your kingdom and reward.

- 3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Christ, your Father's darling Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
 Lord ! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee !

S. M.

S

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his works and not our own ;
 He form'd us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
-

9

L. M.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise ;
God is a sovereign King ; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
He is our shepherd ; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates.
-

10

S. M.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,

And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name :
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

11 P. M.—HEBER.

1 HAIL the blest morn ! when the great
mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descends !
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo ! for your guide the bright Angel attends.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning :
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker and monarch, and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Low at his feet we in humble prostration
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble and strife,
There we receive his divine consolation
Flowing afresh from the fountain of Life.
- 6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and Hope of Salvation,
Guide to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.

12

S. M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are ;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

- 2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'only light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

13

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.
-

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me :
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

SUPPLICATION.

—

15 L. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 NEAR to thy throne of grace, O Lord,
A suppliant prodigal I come,
My soul, all sinful and subdued,
Would find in mercy's arms a home.
- 2 My guilt I mourn, my crimes confess,
And from my wandering ways return—
Pardon me, Jesus, nor do less
Than make thy love within me burn.
- 3 I've sought the world's gay visions o'er,
Its pleasures drank, its phantoms weigh'd,
Unblessed, I knock at Heaven's door,
Nor shall I, can I be denied?
- 4 Redeeming goodness answers, no!
I read it in that thorny crown
By him endured, who loved me so
That for my life he gave his own.
- 5 Kind Saviour, let thy flowing blood
Each plague-spot from my soul remove,
And bind me to the throne of God,
A captive in the chains of love.

16

7s.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee:
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the feeble, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name.
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
 Reign to all eternity.

P. M.

- 17**
- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord revive us :
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord revive us, &c.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;

And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

18

P. M.

- 1 COME, thou soul transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed ;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed—
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give ;
Let us, all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive—
And forever
To thy praise and glory live !
-

19

P. M.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy Redeeming love !

- 2 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O! take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

20

P. M.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, thy chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through.
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side,
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

21

7s.—HAMMOND.

- 1 LORD we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford,
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

22

P. M.

1 "MERCY, O ! thou son of David,"

Thus the blind Bartimeus cried

"Others by thy grace are saved,

"O ! vouchsafe to me thine aid."

For his crying many chid him,

But he cried the louder still,

Till his gracious Saviour bade him,

"Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,

Tho' by begging us'd to live ;

Yet he ask'd and Jesus granted

Alms that none but He can give.

"Lord remove this grievous blindness,

"Let mine eyes behold the day."

Straight he saw, and won by kindness,

Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,

Publishing to all around ;

"Friends, is not my case amazing,

"What a Saviour I have found ;

"O ! that all the blind but knew him,

"Or would be advis'd by me ;

"Sure if they would come unto him,

"He would cause them all to see."

23

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes tho' great, do not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

24

L. M.

- 1 O 'THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would ; but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear in my poor heart, appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !

25

C. M.

- 1 COME, thou Celestial Helper ! come,
With energy divine,
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.
 - 2 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,
Thy visits to renew—
Increase my faith, dispel my fear,
Oh, guard and save me too.
-

26

L. M.

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit—stay !
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thy everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest,—
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release :
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;

Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

27 L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus thy love exceeds the rest :
Love, the best blessing here below,—
The nearest image of the blest.
 - 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
 - 4 While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain :
And tears have their own sweetness too.
 - 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of our Love,
Thy very name creates delight.
-

28 C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,—
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.
-

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God—
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come :
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.
-

30

C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal—
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine :
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline. 3
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul will cling to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.

- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul repair,
With humble hope and broken will,
To breathe my sorrows there.
-

31 L. M.—COWPER.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight—
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ?—ah, think again :
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'
-

32

C. M. . .

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the throne above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath
And shot devouring flame :
Our God appear'd consuming fire
And vengeance was his name.
- 4 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
'That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.
- 3 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord—
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 4 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son—
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

I N V I T A T I O N .

—

33 S. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time,
 This is salvation's day,
 Jesus proclaims, " my blood divine
 Cleanses all sin away."
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
 When whoso will may come ;
 O list ye to the spirit's voice,
 While mercy says there's room.
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
 Jehovah's laws obey ;
 To-morrow may not be thine own—
 Come, sinner, come to-day.
- 4 I yield, O Lord, I yield,
 And bless thee for thy call :
 May I in future say and feel
 Thou art my all in all.

34

P. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you ;
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame.
All things are ready, sinners, come !
For ev'ry yielding soul there's room.
- 3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear.
Let whosoever will, now come.
In mercy's arms there yet is room.
-

35

C. M.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

- 2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
 - 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer !
 - 4 O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.
-

- 1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Maker asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Savior, asks you why :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

- 4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love ;—
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Oh ! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die ?
-

37

7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One, with vile, blasphemous tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very arms of death ;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Savior in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

- 5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
 When in thy glory thou shalt be :"
 "Soon with me," the Lord replies,
 "Thou shalt rest in paradise."
-

38

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?—
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,—
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Stay, sinner ! on the gospel plains,
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 Forever telling, yet untold.
-

39

12s.

- 1 THE voice of free grace
 Cries, escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race,
 Christ has open'd a fountain,
 For sin and transgression,
 And every pollution,
 The blood it flows freely
 In streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who hath purchased our pardon,

We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption :
Though your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus the fountain.

3 O Jesus ! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We'll praise him evermore,
We will range the bless'd fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing Hallelujahs
Forever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

40

7 & 6.

- 1 SINNER, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy soul,
Bid thee leave the ways of sin,
And yield to God's control?
- 2 Hath it met thee in the path,
Of earthly vanity,
Pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee now to flee?
- 3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice,
The Spirit's gracious call,
Bade thee make a better choice,
And seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Hear the call to life and light,
Regard the warning kind:
If that call thou always slight,
Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.
- 5 Soon thy season will be o'er,
The Spirit cease to strive,
Thy slumbers he will break no more—
His love then do not grieve.
- 6 Sinner, should this very day
Thy last of mercy be!
Shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Hope ne'er may beam on thee.

41 C. M.—STEELE.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow—
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come—'t is mercy's voice,
That gracious voice obey—
'T is Jesus calls you to rejoice,
And can you yet delay ?
-

42 8 & 7s.

- 1 'COME'—'t is Jesus invitation—
Now to mourning souls addressed,—
Why, O why such hesitation,
Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin ?
'T is the Holy Spirit's witness,
Christ invites you,—enter in.
- 3 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,

Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
Come to Christ, without delay.

4 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
What a treasure we inherit !
How are contrite sinners blest !

5 Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be :
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

1 SINNER ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep :
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time,—
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.

3 Oh ! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake ! and o'er thy folly weep,—
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light,

44

L. M.—HEBER.

- 1 YE whose young cheeks are fair and bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are
clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light,
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?
- 2 O, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here.
- 3 And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day,
And stand ye yet so idle here?
- 4 One hour remains, there is but one,
But many a shriek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan,
Of moments lost and wasted here.
- 5 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here.

45

8 & 7.

- 1 **HUMBLE** souls who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod :
Flee to him, your only Savior,
In his mighty name confide—
In the whole of your behavior
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice,
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice,—
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name,"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way,—
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies,
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

46 C. M.—COLLYER.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
He hears thy humble sigh—
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
Thy Savior bids thee live,
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear,—
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

47 L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice—
Say, will you be foreverblest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest ?
- 2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?

- Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound—
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Behold, he's waiting at your door !
Make now your choice—O, halt no more—
Say, sinner, say, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear,—
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on ?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down ?
Say, without Christ what can you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 7 O, must we bid you all farewell,
We bound to heaven and you to hell ?
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day.
- 8 Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same,—
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

48

8, 7, 4,

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence—O, how tender !
Every line is full of love.
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name ?"
How important !
Free forgiveness in his name !
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed ?
Who received the joyful word ?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord ?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord !

49

8, 7 & 4s.—REED.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls,
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls,—
Hear, O sinner!—
’T is the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O’er the path you dare to tread,
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o’er your head,—
Turn, O sinner!—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Savior,
Seek his mercy while you may,
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away.
Haste, O sinner!—
You must perish—if you stay.
Come *now*, sinner!
Jesus calls you—come to-day.

AWAKENING AND ALARMING.

—

50 C. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 SINNER ! thy vain pursuits forbear,
 For lo ! thy end is nigh ;
 Death, at the farthest, is not far,—
 To-morrow thou may'st die.
- 2 Sinner ! thou hast a soul to save,
 Whose worth no tongue can tell ;
 'T will die not in the lonely grave,
 'T will live, in heaven or hell.
- 3 This life is not thy only care,
 This world, thy only home ;
 Thy Saviour has a mansion, where
 With joy he'll see thee come.
- 4 But oh ! should'st thou his calls abuse,
 Fearful will be thy doom ;
 The soul that doth his love refuse,
 Will mourn beyond the tomb.

—

51 L. M.—HEBER.

- 1 THE Lord will come, but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,

A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

- 2 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wrath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 3 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppressed and mocked with pride ?
O God, is this the crucified ?
- 4 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come.
-

52

C. M.—DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 'The soul that longs to see my face
'Is sure my love to gain :

‘And those that early seek my grace,
‘Shall never seek in vain.’

23 C. M.—E. JONES.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 “I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 “I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer,
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;

For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

54 C. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 ON this life's crumbling verge I stand,
And know I soon must die,
To rise and dwell at God's right hand
Or low in sorrow lie.
 - 2 With happy spirits round the throne
To sing in seraph strains,
His praise, who, though to glory gone,
Still cares for all our pains.
 - 3 Or, down in dark and gloomy caves
In anguish to descend,
Where no cool wave the parch'd lip laves,
And sorrow has no end.
 - 4 O, Saviour! every doubt remove,
From error make me free.—
I long to know thy pard'ning love,
I long to be with thee!
-

55

8, 7, 4.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne,—
Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
He is the eternal Son.
Trumpets call thee—
Come to hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting
At the thoughts of future pain,
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 “Yonder stands the glorious Saviour,
With the marks of dying love,
O, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move.
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.
- 4 “All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole.
Golden moments!
How neglected did they roll!
- 5 “Yonder stand my godly neighbors
Who were once despised by me;
They are clothed in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see.
Farewell, neighbors!—
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee.”
- 6 Now, despisers, look and wonder:
Hope and sinners here must part.

Louder than the peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart."
 Lost forever—
 How it breaks the sinner's heart !

56

C. P. M.—ОСКУМ.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go :
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless wo."
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head—
 I no relief could find ;
 This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 And overwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,—
 A vast, oppressive load ;
 Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare :

Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

57

S. M.

- 1 MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O ! my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine,
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood,
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O ! matchless grace !
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O ! shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love,
Without thy spirit deign to seal
My hopes with thee above ?

- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.
-

58

L. M.

- 1 COME sinners to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
There needs not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call—
The invitation is to all :
Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye weary wand'ers after rest :
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;
You all may come to Christ and live.
O ! let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love *is mighty to compel,*
His conqu'ring love *consent to feel ;*
Yield to his love's resistless pow'r
And *fight against your God no more.*

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice ;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely *now be sav'd by grace.*

7 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day ;
Come in *this moment at his call,*
And *live for him who died for all.*

59 C. M.—DODDRIDGE.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay ;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin,

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess :
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And calls you to his bar,
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

CONTRITION.

—

60

L. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 JESUS, I own how vile I've been,
I've spurned thy cross, and loved my sin;
Rashly I've sail'd the sensual tide,
Thy wrath, and all thy love defied.
- 2 Of Heaven I heard, I knew of hell;
In one I must forever dwell;
I saw the Saviour's dying love,
But nought my stubborn heart could move.
- 3 For this vain world was still my choice,
Though conscience oft would raise her voice
To warn me from the thorny road
That led me from thy high abode.
- 4 Now I repent my sins, and mourn;
O help me, Savior! to return,
Grant me among thy saints a place,
Where I may feel and sing thy grace!

—

61

C. M.—COWPER.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see

That fountain in his day ;

O may I there, though vile as he,

Wash all my sins away !

3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood

Shall never loose its power,

Till all the ransom'd church of God

Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream

Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue,

Lies silent in the grave,

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing thy power to save.

62

S. M.

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !

Harmonious to the ear !

Heaven with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way

To save rebellious man ;

And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone.
And well deserves the praise.

63

C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others *fought* to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must *fight*, if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord !

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
And shout, the vict'ry nigh !
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of honor through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

64

L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail ! matchless, free eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrest that man ;"

I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd ;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell :
He bore it for the human race :
And thus became a hiding-place.

8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

1 SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;

A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears,

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

66 C. M.—NEWTON.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Savior's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;

And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

67

S. M.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing !
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
Answer, ' Jesus died.'

68

C. M.

- 1 WHY, O, my soul, why weepest thou ?
Tell me from whence arise
Those falling tears, that sadly flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod ?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God ?

- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin !
And after none but thee !
And then I would—O, that I might !—
A constant weeper be ?
-

69

S. M.—WATTS.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 The heirs of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields.
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

70

8, 7.

- 1 ONCE with Adam's race in ruin
Unconcern'd in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd my way.
- 2 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above :
Whilst astonish'd, I admire,
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

RESIGNATION.

—

71

L. M.—CENNICK.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
His track I see, and I'll pursue,
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not,
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "*I am the way.*"
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am:
Nothing but self have I to give.
Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."
-

72

L. M.

- 1 O, HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!—
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!—
- 2 'That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believ'd,
What true joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!

He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as me !

- 5 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.
-

73 P. M., 5 lines 8s.

- 1 COME saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel ;
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heav'nly union.
- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation free to buy,
But still I found no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,

And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
And, O ! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I saw this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way.
I always something found to say
About this heav'nly union.

6 Almighty God, teach heart and tongue
To thee to raise a grateful song ;
All praises to thy name belong :
Let Zion sing, thy kingdom come,
And fill the world with union.

74

C. M.

1 JESUS ! thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O, Lord ! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O, Lord ! remember me.

- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O, Lord ! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer; God !
I pray, remember me.
-

75

C. M.—HERBERT.

- 1 SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas, must die.
- 2 Sweet Rose ! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye !
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas, must die.
- 3 Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas, must die.

- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.
-

76

S. M.—DWIGHT.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God ;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.
-

77

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream—an empty show ;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;—
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour !—O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

UNION.

78

6s.—M. ST. LEON LOUD.

- 1 COME with the heart's warm glow :
 Come to the gate of heaven,
 Where living waters flow,
 And peace and rest are given.
 Here from the world afar,
 In holy, calm retreat,
 When shines the morning star,
 With joyful hearts we meet.
- 2 In the temple of our God,
 Which his own word hath blest,
 From sorrow's heavy load
 Our weary souls find rest.
 Here may a balm be found
 For souls oppress'd with sin,
 And healing for each wound
 Which gu't has made within.
- 3 Here may the tears of grief
 Be wiped from every eye,
 And all who seek relief
 Find help and safety nigh,—
 For Jesus fills the place
 Hallowed by fervent prayer;
 Reveals his smiling face,
 And makes our wants his care.

79

C. M.

- 1 LO ! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love !
 - 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul ;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
 - 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.
-

80

S. M.—FAWCETT.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

S1

L. M.

1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows—
From every swelling tide of woes.
'There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the *mercy seat*.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood bought *mercy seat*.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,—
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common *mercy seat*.

4 Ah ! whither could we seek for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no *mercy seat*.

- 5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the *mercy seat*.
- 6 O ! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still ;
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the *mercy seat*.
-

82

P. M.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end :
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart :
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be :
Soon the joyful news will come
Child, your Father calls—come home.

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet :
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these :
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

83

L. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone
I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
Chorus.—Farewell, Farewell, farewell.
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell young converts of the cross,
Oh ! labor hard for Christ and heav'n ;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on the crown shall soon be giv'n.
- 3 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along.
Nor wait for mortals care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 4 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love.

Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

5 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on the crown shall soon be giv'n.

6 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sure conflicts yet await for you :
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.

7 Farewell poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn, and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

84

C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun !

2 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire ;

He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and blest ;
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus, L. M.

" A Saviour ! " let creation sing ?
" A Saviour ! " let all heaven ring
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours !
'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er—
We'er joining those who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain :
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a mighty flood :
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
" A Saviour ! " &c.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own.
- 6 May we a little band of love,
Be sinners, sav'd by grace :

From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face !
" A Savior !" &c,

85

8's.—BALDWIN.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden he found,
Nor yet in a Paradise be lost !
It grows on Emanuel's ground,
And Jesus dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above,
- 4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again ?
Engrav'd on Emmanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 O then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above ;
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love.

- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see ;
Singing, hallelujah ! amen !
Amen ! even so let it be.
-

86

P. M.

- 1 FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord !
The gospel sounds the Jubilee ;
My tongue shall bear the news abroad,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell !—in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part ;
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below !
Though all so kind and dear to me :
My Jesus calls and I must go,
To sound the gospel-jubilee ;
To bear the joy-inspiring news
To Gentile worlds and blinded Jews.
- 5 Farewell, dear people, one and all !—
While God the breath of life shall give,

I hope on him in prayer to call,
That your dear souls in Christ may live ;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun !
And as I journey here below,
'The path is straight my feet must run,
And God will keep me as I go ;
Will guard me by his pow'rful hand
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell ! farewell !—I look above ;
Jesus, my friend to thee I call !
Be thou my joy, my crown, my love,
My safeguard and my heavenly all ;
My theme till life shall close, and then
My only hope in death—amen !

87

8's & 7's

1 LET thy Kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease ;
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace :
Visit now thy favor'd Zion—
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
'Come, good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Every hind'rance overleap ;
Undismay'd by force or numbers ;—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Saviour, God, with courage arm us,
Help us still to persevere ;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus !
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us ;
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 4 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,
Into all the ways of truth :
On thy Gospel-word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
Bound in love, with Christ our centre,—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 5 Hear the Prince of your salvation
Saying, ' Fear not, little flock ;

I myself am your foundation,
‘You are built upon this rock ;
‘Shun the paths of vice and folly,
‘Near your Shepherd always keep ;
‘Look to me, and be ye holy,
‘I delight to feed my sheep.’

- 6 Christ alone has power to save us,
Taught by him we'll own his name ;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus.
How it doth our hearts inflame !
Give him glory, glory, glory !
Give him glory—he will keep.
He will clear your way before you :
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

SS**L. M.**

- 1 MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band.
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear ;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords about my heart.
- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray ;
How loath we've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind ;
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

3 But since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while.
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on you'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands will be no more.

4 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears ;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries ;
O trust his grace and in that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

5 Dear Christian friends, both old and young.
I hope in Christ you'll all be strong ;
And if on earth we meet no more ;
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all remember me
If here no more my face you see ;

An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

- 6 O glorious day and blessed hope,
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
But with our blessed loving Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord ;
And then with Jesus we shall dwell,
So, loving brethren, all farewell.
-

§9 C. M.—SUTTON.

- 1 HAIL ! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one !
Hail sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine !

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last—
We all shall meet in heaven :
The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.

- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot ?

What though beneath an eastern sun

Be cast our distant lot ?

Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,

From India's burning plain,

From Europe, from Columbia's land,

We hope to meet again.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,

Our future meeting knows :

There friendship beams from every eye.

And hope immortal grows.

O sacred hope ! O blissful hope ! &c.

90

11s.—M. ST. LEON LOUD.

1 SING praises, sing praises ! to Jesus belongs

A tribute of honor in Zion's sweet songs,

For he hath redeemed us from sin's galling
chain,

And called us from bondage, in glory to reign.

2 Sing praises, sing praises ! *His* love will

abide,

Though kindred and friends fall away from
our side ;

He ne'er will forsake us in sorrow or shame,

While humbly and freely we trust in his
name.

- 3 Sing praises, sing praises! tho' narrow the way
He'll lead us safe through to the mansions
of day ;
Though darkly around us life's tempests
may lower,
No floods shall o'erwhelm us, no trials o'er-
power.
- 4 Sing praises, sing praises! when death
draweth near,
Though armed with all terrors, our souls
need not fear ;
For safe we shall pass, over Jordan's deep
wave,
Through him who hath triumphed o'er death
and the grave.
- 5 Then praise him, oh ! praise him, with songs
ever new,
While life's thorny ways we are journeying
through,
And make the dark paths of the wilderness
ring,
With grateful hosannas to Jesus our King.
-

91

L. M.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art light ; thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows ;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

- 2 Thou, Lord, art love ; the fountain thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows ;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose.
 - 3 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.
-

92

L. M.—F. B. GRAHAM.

- 1 THE evening shades are spread around,
And darkness reigns ; Oh ! how profound
The silence of the night of death,
Unbroken by a single breath.
- 2 Our parting now may be for aye,
For death may come ere dawns the day ;
The morrow's sun may shine forth bright,
But shall we live to hail its light ?
- 3 Then each, adieu ! if it be so,
And we no more may meet below,
Pray to the Lord, that all, forgiv'n,
May meet around the throne of heav'n.
- 4 Pray that each erring soul may learn,
Christ's loving-kindness to discern ;
And with us, far beyond the tomb,
Find, with our Lord, a happy home.

MEDITATION.

93 C. M.—HEBER.

- 1 O, SAVIOR, whom by every grief,
By much temptation tried,
Who lives to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died ;
- 2 If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.
- 3 If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may thy spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine.
- 4 'Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free ;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee.

94 C. P. M.

- 1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole :

- Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch the boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
' Unthinking man, remember this—
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die !'
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call :
'Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast etherial blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.
-

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ;—

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
-

96 S. M.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound—
Or pierce to either pole !
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :—
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around 'the second death !'
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun ;

Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

97

L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !
To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
But oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Savior's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

98

C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
'Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart !

- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What ! to be banish'd from my life,
 And yet forbid to die !
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly !
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove.
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love !
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast ;
 Without a gracious smile from thee
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in thy book
 Where my salvation stands.
- 8 Give me one kind, assuring word,
 To sink my fears again ;
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.
- .

99

C. M.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground :
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And, while our bodies wander here
Our souls are fixed above.

100

C. M.

- 1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still !

But they have left a cheerless void,
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

101

C. M.—WATTS.

1 ALAS ! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my sovereign die !
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity,—grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

When Christ, th' Almighty Savior, died
For man, the rebel's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

102

7's.—COWPER.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me !

2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;

Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful ; strong as death.

5 “ ‘Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?’ ”

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

L. M.

103

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear.
Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends and neighbors hence,
None can resist the fatal dart :
Continual warnings strike my sense.
And shall they fail to reach my heart !
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
On the short period of to-day ;
Shall time which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heavenly aidour, grace divine,

Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

104

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Ye saints approach ! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load ;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joy we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Say, " Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting !
And where thy victory, boasting grave ?"

105

L. M.—KIRK WHITE.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky :
One Star alone, of all the train.
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark
'The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
'The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose ;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing—first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.



106

C. M.—HEBER.

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry ;
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

107 L. M.—G. B. IDE.

- 1 WHY fix thy love on shadows ? Why
Seek for repose where all must die !
Why wed the hope, the aim, the trust
Of thy immortal mind to dust ?
 - 2 Thy house is not on earth—thou art
A stranger here, and thy fond heart
Can find no solid happiness
In joys that are too brief to bless.
 - 3 Oh ! 'tis not meet that thou shouldst chain
Thy soul to things so frail and vain,
Nor limit to this dull, cold clod
The spirit that should soar to God.
 - 4 Lift up thy vision—look away
To the far climes of endless day,
Where rolls eternity its years,
Unstained by guilt, undim'd by tears.
 - 5 Implore his mercy—hear his voice,
Who bids the stricken heart rejoice ;
Obey his will, and thou shalt rise
To his bright dwelling in the skies.
-

108 7, 6.—S. F. SMITH.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;

While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer ;
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 't is its nature—
And life's last ember burns :
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.
-

109 7, 6.—S. F. SMITH.

- 1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us :
The darkness of the grave :

And death is just before us.—
God takes the life he gave.

- 3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll ;
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.
-

110 8, 7.—ANGELICA BISHOP.

- 1 THERE'S a name whose sound delights me
Gains my trust, subdues my fear,
To the arms of peace invites me,
When impending storms are near.
- 2 If bright joy, in smiles attending,
Bends her pinions o'er my way ;
That dear name so sweetly blending,
Gives to joys, a purer ray.
- 3 If my soul in anguish riven,
By thy shafts of earthly pain ;
That dear name, like balm from heaven
Gives my heart new joys again.
- 4 When in death my lip shall quiver,
And my beating pulse shall cease ;
When I sink in Jordan's river,
Then that name shall whisper *peace*.

111

C. M.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
 - 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
 - 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
 - 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.
 - 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say,—“Behold he prays.”
-

112

L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, congeal'd to ice

I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 Oh ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains :
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;
" By these dear wounds," says he ; and
stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ?

Lord ! melt this stubborn heart to tears :
This heart shall yield to death or love.

113

C. M.—STENNETT.

- 1 AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd ;
'Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
'Thou spotless Lamb of God !
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt thou rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies :

“To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.”

114

C. M.—STEELE.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, ‘Return :’
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
Oh, take the wand’rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon’d rebel live
To speak thy wond’rous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine !
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard’ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior I adore ;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

115

L. M.—DODDRIDGE.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
 - 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retir'd and silent seek them there :
This is the way to overcome—
The way to break the tempter's snare.
 - 3 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
 - 4 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.
 - 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.
-

116

C. M.—WILLIAMS.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd ;

And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd hy thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see :
My steadfast heart heall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

117

11, 8.—SWAIN.

1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight !
On whom in affliction I call !

My comfort by day, and my song in the night!

My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep—

To feed on the pastures of love?

Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,

Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,

And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare—have you seen

The star that on Israel shone?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

5 This is my beloved: his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around—

The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,

And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

118 C. M.—ROBERT TURNBULL.

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;
My 'Father's house, my heavenly home!
Where 'many mansions' stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek 'the better land.'
- 2 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
The vision of that heavenly home,
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.
- 3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted ones shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

119

11s.—R. W. CUSHMAN.

- 1 'T IS true that the grave is a dreary abode,
Where darkness, and silence, and solitude
reign ;
Where time and the worm shall these bodies
corrode,
And nought but its dust shall of beauty
remain.
- 2 But lo, the freed spirit ! see, upwards she
bends
Her seraph-winged flight when the strug-
gle is o'er ;
And, while the pale form into darkness de-
scends,
She walks the bright fields on eternity's
shore.
- 3 Then why, ye redeemed, should the breath
of the tomb,
Though ever so humid and cold it arise,
The heart of the Christian distress with its
gloom ?—
The *christian*,—a child and an heir of the
skies !
-

120

S. M.—S P. HILL.

- 1 MY God ! whose smile is life,
Beneath whose frown I die :

Out of the lowest depths, to thee
I every moment cry.

2 My tears cease not to flow,
Nor rests my troubled soul ;
Deep loudly calleth unto deep,
And billows o'er me roll.

3 Thou art my only hope,
My refuge is thy breast ;
Oh, raise my sinking spirits up,
And give the suff'rer rest.

121 11s.—MUHLENBURG.

1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way :

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway thus fetter'd by sin—
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom,

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his
God—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er
the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul?

122

8 & 6s. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast;—
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls.
By sin and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven :
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.
-

123

8 & 7s.—HEBER.

- 1 THE Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us he bore the weight of wo,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.
- The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The king of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er Death and Hell defeated.

124

L. M.

- 1 YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name ;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend :
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
I've ranged th' alluring scenes of life,
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Savior's voice.
- 2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
And swept my load of guilt away :
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And led me in his own right way ;
And now with trembling sense I view,
Huge billows roll beneath your path,
While death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Think of the soul where vengeance reigns !
It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries,
It moves amidst the burning flames
In boundless woes and agonies.
There swallow'd up in blackest night,
Where devils dwell and thunders roar,
To sink in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
- 4 O fellow youth ! this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse ;

And soon with you 't will be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord :
And with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

125

8, 7.

- 1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale ?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail ?

No ! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me ?
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.
- 2 " Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through this lonely void ;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide."
- 3 Such a guide !—no guide attends thee:
Hence for thee my fears arise.
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 Yes, unseen, but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend.

He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end."

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale :
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail ?

6 No ! that stream has nothing frightful ;
To its brink my steps I'll bend :
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful ;
'There my pilgrimage will end."

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising
Down the vale she plunged from sight ;
Gazing still I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in in light.

O, she's gone to the kingdom.
Will you follow her to glory ?
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

126

C. M.—ECKINGTON.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold :

'Thy gates are richly set with pearl :
'Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been :
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord ,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die and go from hence ?

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone—
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu—
I leave you in God's care :
And if I never more see you,
Go on I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

127 C. M.—STENNETT.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,
- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines on eternal day ;
'There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath.
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay ;

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'll launch away.

128

8, 7, 4.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and rends the sky!
“It is finish'd!”—
Hear the Savior—dying—cry.
- 2 It is finish'd!—Oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
It is finished!—
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law:
Finish'd—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe;
It is finished!—
Saints, from hence your comforts draw
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

129

7's.—NEWTON.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no :
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild :
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do :
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case ?
'Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray !

If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

130 S. M.—BEDDOME.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
 - 2 The son of God in tears—
 The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul !
 He shed those tears—for thee.
 - 3 He wept—that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear :
In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.
-

131 8 & 7's.—NEWTON.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
 And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above ?
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

132

11s.—ANGELICA BISHOP.

I.

REJOICE ! there 's a light for the gloomiest
hour,
O'er which neither darkness nor death can
have power ;
Though darkness surround thee, and fears may
annoy,
That light beaming sweetly turns all into joy.
When sorrow's chill current shall over thee flow
"T will mingle sweet peace with thy moments
of woe ;
"T is pure, holy, changeless, endearing and
bright ;
O, let us rejoice, yes, rejoice in the light.

II.

"T is light to the soul when all others depart,
And when our strength fails it will strengthen
the heart ;
The light of the Bible, all praise to the Giver,
For like him, its glory endureth forever !
That light is Immanuel, the bright star of day,
Displaying his glory when others decay ;
His grace to the guilty, how glorious ! how
bright !
His love, and his mercy, saith, " Let there be
Light !"

133 C. P. M.—FAWCETT.

- 1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Savior shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
 - 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
 - 3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face :
Then with our Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.
-

134 L. M.—TAPPAN.

- 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'T is midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.

- 2 'T is midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'T is midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'T is midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.
-

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver
streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's
pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently
stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the
day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his
head ;
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his
bed ;

The angels, astonished, grew sad at the
sight,
And followed their Master with solemn
delight.

3 Oh garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-
got;
The theme, most transporting to seraphs
above;
Thy triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of
love!

4 Come saints and adore him,—come bow at
his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the
skies.

136

L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm, an undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That so displays the Savior's power.
 - 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
 - 5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place ;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.
 - 6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From whence none ever wake to weep.
-

- 1 ZION, awake !—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine !
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
All shall admire and love thee too.

138

11s.

- 1 TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart ;
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray.
- 2 Sweet bower where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branch as a roof o'er my head ;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer.
- 3 The early, sweet notes of a loved nightingale,
'That dwelt in the bower I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praise, as I went to prayer.
- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs, perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine ;

But sweeter, O, sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Savior, oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble re-
treat ;

Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness
there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my
prayer.

6 It was under the covert of that pleasant
grove

Where Jesus was pleased my guilt to re-
move.

Presenting himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and learn'd me to
pray.

7 Although I may never revisit that shade,
I often shall think on the vows I have made,
While far at a distance, my mind will re-
pair

To the place where my Savior first answer'd
my prayer

8 Sweet bower ! I must leave you, and bid
you adieu,

And pay my devotions in parts that are
new,

Well knowing my Savior resides every-
where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

139**S. M.**

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind.
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

140**C. P. M.**

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes ;

The lilies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become :
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me ;
Who come to Christ may live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will all them relieve ;
None are too late if they repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

- 5 Come brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our trouble and our trials here

Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

141

C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view,
Of brighter scenes in heaven :
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here, by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
And lead to endless day.
-

- 1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour !
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome !
God's free bounty glorify :

True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! the Savior prostrate lies !
On the bloody cross behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies—
‘ It is finished ! ’—
Heaven’s atoning sacrifice !

5 Lo ! th’ incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him—venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus—
Can do helpless sinners good.

143

12s.—HEBER.

6 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will
not deplore thee :
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb,
The Savior has pass’d through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

- 2 'Thou art gone to the grave—we no
longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world
by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless
has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its man-
sions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd ,
long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
thy waking,
And the song which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 't were
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide,
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the
Savior hath died.
-

144

P. M.—TO PLADY.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

1 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of jubilee is come :
Return, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell
Your liberty receive :
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, &c.

5 Ye hapless debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of heaven ;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given ;

The year of jubilee is come:
Return, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Savior's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

7 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

145

L. M.—WESLEY.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;

And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;—
Assured if I the trust betray,
I shall forever die.

146 C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honors join'd,
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

147

9, 7.—JEFFERYS.

- 1 OH! had I wings like a Dove I would fly,
Away from this world of care;
My soul would mount to the realms on high,
And seek for a refuge there;
But is there no haven here on earth,
No hope for the wounded breast;
No favored spot where sweet content has
birth,
In which I may find a rest.
- 2 Oh! is it not written "Believe and live?"
The heart by bright hope allur'd
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assur'd.
Then why should we fear the cold world's
frown,
When truth to the heart has giv'n
The light of religion to guide us on,
In joy, to the paths of heav'n.
- 3 There is! there is! in thy holy word,
Thy word which can ne'er depart:
There is a promise of mercy stor'd,
For the lowly and meek of heart:
"My yoke is easy, my burden light,
Then come unto me for rest;"
These, these are the words of promise stor'd,
For the wounded and wearied breast.

BAPTISM.

—

148 C. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 JESUS, I fain would call thee mine,
My heart thy charms employ ;
My theme is ever love divine,—
That love is all my joy.
- 2 Now I profess thy holy name,
Thy every cross I'll bear,
And be baptized in the stream;
As thou wert baptized there.
- 3 Down in thy watery grave I've come,
A convert to thy love ;
For me within this pool there's room—
And room for me above.
- 4 Pure fountain, where I long to lay—
Emblem of Jesus' blood ;
That blood has cleansed my sins away,
And brought me near to God.

149

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
My ev'ry pleasant sweet."
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."
- 3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain."
"Hinder me not, I will begone—
My God has broke my chain."
- 4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Savior calls me home
This still my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
Ill gladly go with thee.

150

P. M.

- 1 O, YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus
By regarding thus his word.
- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you ;
Hear him echo, " Follow me ;"
For, beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
- 3 Yes, beneath those honor'd waters
Great Immanuel was baptized ;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleased.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave :
Now look up ; expect his presence,
Which he promised you to have.
- 5 Jesus, come ! thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel ;
Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal.

151

P. M.

- 1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee ;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

- 2 Nought have we to claim as merit ;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit ;
All the praise to thee is due.
- 3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go ;
O the bliss ! the heavenly beauty !
Christ the Lord was buried so.
- 4 Come, ye children of the Kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave ;
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.
- 5 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Savior's tomb,
Heavy-laden, sick, and weary,
Crying, " O that I could come ?"
- 6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome in the church below ;
Venture wholly on the Savior,
Come, and with his people go.

- 1 YE happy saints, the Lamb adore,
Who lov'd our race all time before
Ere man from God had gone astray,
He in his Father's bosom lay.

- 2 The Savior left the realms of light,
And downward bent his wondrous flight :
Assum'd a body form'd of clay,
And in the humble manger lay.
- 3 To Jordan's stream, the way he led,
To mark the path his saints should tread :
They love to trace this sacred way ;
And see the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 The holy Baptist lifts his eyes :
" Behold the Lamb of God," he cries—
Then down he led the liquid way,
Come, see the place where Jesus lay.
- 5 Immers'd by John in Jordan's wave,
Rising, he left the watery grave,—
Heav'n own'd the deed, approv'd the way,
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.
- 6 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him.
Bless'd and approv'd of God are they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.
- 7 Buried with Christ, they die to sin,
Then rise with him to live and reign,
Obedient still go on their way,
And leave the place where Jesus lay.
- 8 Prepar'd by grace, at length they come
To rest in their eternal home—
Rising to Heav'n, they drop their clay
In the cold tomb where Jesus lay.

153

L. M.—S. P. HILL.

- 1 NOT with a pained reluctant heart
Seek we to day this sacred grave;
The tears that now unbidden start,
Are not the weeping of the slave.
 - 2 They come from spings of joy and love,
Springs that our hardness seal'd before:
And flow, because, our hearts above,
We now, are Satan's slaves no more.
 - 3 Long did the world our spirit hold,
In paths that down to darkness led:
To sin, our noblest powers we sold,
And in its cruel fetters bled.
 - 4 But thou! O Lord, hast broke that spell,
And set us from that bondage free,
Reclaim'd us from the gates of hell,
And turned our wandering feet to thee.
 - 5 And now, as swell our notes of love,
Restore thy spiritual reign,
No more permit our souls to rove,
Nor yield to sin's hard yoke again.
-

154

L. M.—S. P. HILL.

- 1 GREAT King of King! and Lord of Lords!
Here would thy grateful people come;

And bless the goodness which awards
Their weary hearts, in thee, a home.

- 2 Nor as in other days, our sires,
Thy tried and faithful martyrs came—
No christian now by sword expires,
Or burns amidst the faggot's flame.
- 3 Nor like, full many a suffering band,
Whose only homes were mountain caves;
Have we to fear the iron hand
Of power, around these peaceful waves.
- 4 On *us*, a brighter day has shone;
For *us*, a better lot is cast;
We mingle, while they rov'd alone;
We view their storm of suffering past.
- 5 Come saints! adore your Savior, God!
Who led your willing footsteps here,
Walk in the blessed paths he trod,
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.
- 6 Come converts! brace your trembling heart,
Rejoice to go, where Christ shall call;
With all earth's trifles freely part,
And love your Savior more than all.
- 7 Come sacred Dove! in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;
Now with this scene, thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

155

P. M.

- 1 THE Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied ;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Buried in such a liquid grave ?
-

Jesus, my Savior and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call :
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
“ Arise, my love, and come away.”

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

156

8 & 7.—S. P. HILL.

- 1 FROM the world's enchantment turning,
I a brighter path pursue ;
Brighter joys than yours discerning,
Vain, inconstant world, adieu !
Now my grateful fond obedience,
Lord to thee ! no more delays ;

- Now, to thee ! I vow allegiance,
Now I choose thy pleasant ways.
- 2 Can I, where thy changeless finger,
Points my path of duty, doubt ?
Can I, in reluctance, linger,
From thy light and peace, shut out ?
Should I, from thy precepts swerving,
Fruitless, thankless, to thee prove ;
Thou might'st deem me undeserving,
Of thy mercy and thy love.
- 3 No ! the word which thou hast spoken,
Shall my joy, and safeguard, be ;
And, till life's last cord is broken,
Will I cleave in love to thee !
'Thou my Guardian, Guide, Defender !
Death's cold waves, may round me stand,
May I then, as now, surrender,
All my interests to thy hand.
-

157

8 & 7.

- 1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.
- 2 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue ;
Buried with our Lord, and rising,
To a life divinely new.

MISSIONARY.

**158** S. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, arise,
Thine Empire to maintain,
O let our tongues and hearts rejoice
That Jesus comes to reign.
- 2 O Holy Ghost, arise,
Our hearts from sin make free—
May we no earthly pleasures prize,
But put our trust in thee.
- 3 O Prince of Peace, arise,
Nor let our gladness cease,
Till in our rest above the skies
We find from cares release.
- 4 O bright and Morning Star,
Around this wide world shine,
Till owned by all thy glories are,
For all the world is thine.

**159** L. M.—A. D. GILLETTE.

- 1 FAR off beyond the Sea, I love
To see the gospel heralds go,
Bearing the news from Heav'n above,
Which Jesus brought to earth below.

- 2 May skies above them shine serene,
May earth beneath them fruitful be—
May plants of Eden, fresh and green
Bloom and regale their pious way.
 - 3 Him may they preach, who went to stray,
By power oppresst, and mocked by pride,
A pilgrim on the world's highway—
My Lord, the Lamb, the crucified.
 - 4 On, heralds, on, and as of old
The Baptist cleared his Master's way,—
May you demolish sin's strong hold,
And turn its darkness into day.
 - 5 May you in preaching wake the strain
Of triumph over sin and death,—
Say : Lo ! the Savior comes to reign,—
O, preach him in your dying breath.
-

160

L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name :
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire :
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage braast in peace.

- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more :
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.
-

161

7s & 6s.—HEBER.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high.
Shall we, to men benighted,
The Lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name !

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.
-

162

8, 7, 4.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing.
Zion long in hostile lands,—
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

- 3 God, thy God will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend,—
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end,—
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Savior shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last,
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.
-

163

7s.

- 1 GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly,—
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high !
- 2 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 3 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,
Bid each dreary region smile
Lovely as the promis'd land.

I N D E X .



	<i>Hymn.</i>
Alas ! and did my Savior bleed,	- 101
A charge to keep I have,	- 145
All hail the power of Jesus name,	- 13
Am I a soldier of the cross,	- 63
As flows the rapid river,	- 109
As on the cross the Savior hung,	- 113
Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,	- 136
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,	56
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,	- 14
Awake and sing the song,	- 4
Blest be the tie that binds,	- 80
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,	144
Brethren, while we sojourn,	- 82
Children of the heavenly King,	- 7
Come, every pious heart,	- 2
Come humble sinner, in whose breast,	53
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,	- 58
Cóme we that love the Lord,	- 69
Come, 'tis Jesus' invitation,	- 42
Come thou soul transforming Spirit,	18
Come thou fount of every blessing,	- 19

Come, thou celestial helper,	-	25
Come, holy Spirit. heavenly Dove,	-	28
Come let us lift our joyful eyes,		32
Come, sound his praise abroad,	-	8
Come, let our voices join to raise,	-	9
Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell,		73
Come with the heart's warm glow,		78
Come, let me love, or is my mind,	-	112
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,		142
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,	-	130
Dear refuge of my weary soul,	- -	30
Eternity is just at hand,	- -	97
Father in heaven, these courts attend,		1
Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,		83
Far off beyond the sea, I love,	-	159
Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,	-	86
From every stormy wind that blows,		81
From whence doth this union arise	-	85
From the world's enchantments turning,		156
From Greenland's icy mountains,		161
Great King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,		154
Go, ye messengers of God,	- -	163
Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah,		20
Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,	- -	62
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,	-	102
Hark, the voice of love,	- - -	128
Hail the blest morn, when the great,		11
Hail, Sovereign love that first began,		64
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds,		89

He dies, the friend of sinners dies,	-	104
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you,	-	49
How beauteous are their feet,	- -	12
How oft, alas, this wretched heart,	-	114
How tedious and tasteless the hours,	-	5
Humble souls who seek salvation,	-	45
I love thy kingdom, Lord,	- -	76
I love to steal awhile away,	-	141
In all my Lord's appointed ways,		149
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way,	-	35
I would not live alway,	- -	121
Jesus, I own how vile I've been,	-	60
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,	-	71
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,	-	74
Jesus, lover of my soul,	- -	16
Jesus, mighty King, in Zion,	- -	157
Jesus, I fain would call thee mine,		148
Jerusalem, my happy home,	- -	126
Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,	-	87
Lord, we come before thee now,	-	21
Lord, in humble, sweet submission,		151
Lo! what an entertaining sight,	-	79
May the grace of Christ, our Savior,		131
Merciful God, arise,	- - -	158
Mercy, O, thou son of David,	- -	22
My dearest friends in bonds of love,		88
My days, my weeks, my months,	-	94
My God, whose smile is life,	- -	120
My sorrows, like a flood,	- - -	57

Near to thy throne of grace, O Lord,	15
Not with a pained, reluctant heart, -	153
Now is th' accepted time, - -	33
Now let our voices join, - -	3
Oh ! for a closer walk with God, -	100
Oh had I wings like a dove, I would fly;	147
O, how happy are they, - - -	72
O, Savior, whom by every grief, -	93
O thou in whose presence, - -	117
O that my load of sin were gone, -	24
O, could we speak the matchless worth,	133
O, happy is the man who hears, -	145
O, ye blood-washed, ransomed sinners,	150
On the mountain's top appearing,	162
Of all the joys we mortals know, -	27
On this life's crumbling verge I stand,	54
Once with Adam's race in ruin, -	70
Our souls by love together knit, -	84
O where shall rest be found, - -	96
Our country is Immanuel's ground,	99
On Jordan's stormy banks, - -	127
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, -	111
Rejoice ! there is a light, - -	132
Remember thy Creator, - -	108
Repent, the voice celestial cries -	59
Return, my roving heart, return, -	115
Return, O wanderer, return, -	46
Sweet was the time when first I felt,	66
Salvation ! O, the joyful sound.	65

See the eternal Judge descending,	55
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,	6
Savior, source of every blessing,	29
Sovereign grace has power alone,	37
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,	75
Spirit of Truth, on this thy day,	106
Sing praises, sing praises,	90
Savior, visit thy plantatlon,	17
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,	23
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,	26
Sinners, turn—why will ye die,	36
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown,	33
Sinner, hath a voice within,	40
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,	43
Sinners, will you scorn the message,	48
Sinner, thy vain pursuits forbear	50
To-day, if you will hear his voice,	47
The Savior calls, let every ear,	41
The voice of free grace,	39
There is a fountain filled with blood,	61
The Lord will come, but not the same,	51
Thou, Lord, art light,	91
The evening shades are spread around,	92
That awful day will surely come,	98
That awful hour,	103
There's a name whose sound,	110
There is a place of waveless rest,	118
'Tis true that the grave is a dreary abode,	119
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	122

The Lord of love, on Calvary, -	123
The Lord into his garden comes, -	140
The day is past and gone, . -	139
To leave my dear friends, - -	138
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow,	134
Thou sweet gliding Kedron, - -	135
Thou art gone to the grave, - -	143
The word, the spirit, and the bride, -	155
'Tis a point I long to know, -	129
What various hindrances we meet,	31
Why, O, my soul, why sleepest thou,	68
When overwhelmed with grief, - -	10
When I can read my title clear, -	95
What sinners value, I resign, - -	77
Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,	116
When marshalled on the nightly plain,	105
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,	125
Why fix thy love on shadows, -	107
Ye dying sons of men, - -	34
Ye whose young cheeks are fair and bright,	44
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,	52
Ye happy saints, the Lamb adore, -	152
Ye christian heralds, go, proclaim, -	160
Young people, all attention give,	127
Zion, awake ! thy strength renew,	137

A P P E N D I X .

1 8, 7, 4.—S. F. SMITH.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee ;
All thy scenes, I love them well ,
Friends, connexions, happy country !
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home ! thy joys are passing lovely ;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell !
Happy home ! 'tis sure I love thee !
Can I—can I say—Farewell ?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
Can I say a last farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

- 4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well !
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
Lovely native land, farewell !
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land !—Farewell—Farewell.

2

7, 6.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go—
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo ?

CHORUS.

Be entreated now to stop !
Unless you warning take,

Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake !

- 2 Hell beneath is gaping wide ;
And waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
'Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
- 4 All your sins will round you crowd,
Of bloody crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?
- 5 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?
- 6 Can you stand in that great day
When judgment is proclaim'd,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame ?
- 7 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.

8 Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

9 But as yet there is a hope,
That you may mercy know ;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

10 It was for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he calls to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There yet is room."

3

C. M.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear :
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stop'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look—

It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive,—
This blood is for thy ransom paid :
I'll die, that thou mayst live."

7 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,—
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

4

7, 6.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole,—
 'There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within—
'T is palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combined,
And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.
- 3 At length this great Physician
 How matchless is his grace !
Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin mine eyes had seal'd,
Then bade me look unto him—
 I look'd—and I was heal'd.
- 4 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,

At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come, then, to this Physican,
 His help he'll freely give :
 He makes no hard condition—
 'T is only, " Look and live."

7, 6.



5

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above—
 And from that flowing fountain,
 Drink everlasting love ?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasure in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er—
 And since he has proved faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determined
 To conquer, though I die—
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love, I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu—
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 O cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

6

13s.

- 1 THE glorious light of Zion is spreading far
 and wide,
 And sinners they are coming into the gospel
 tide,
 The standard of King Jesus in glorious tri-
 umph flies,
 And sinners crowd around it with joy and
 sweet surprise.
- 2 The sufferings of our Savior upon mount
 Calvary
 Are sounding sweet to sinners, Come, this
 will make you free,
 And now the glorious message is circulating
 round,

Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming love
have found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am
one,
And Jesus he will finish the work he has
begun:
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll
forever be
A monument of mercy through all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert who lately did
enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King,
and Priest;
I have received my bounty, likewise my
martial dress,
A ring of love and favor, a robe of righte-
ousness.

5 Then down into the water where the young
converts go,
To serve their Lord and Master, in righteous
acts below,
I'll lay my sinful body beneath the yielding
wave,
An emblem of my Savior when he lay in the
grave.

6 Ah! sinners, think what Jesus has done for
you and me;

Behold his precious body hang bleeding on
 the tree,
 His bleeding head, his hands, his side, to you
 he doth display,
 O then, my fellow-sinners, how can you stay
 away ?

7 And now my elder brethren, who're soldiers
 of the cross,
 Who, for the sake of Jesus, have counted all
 things dross ;
 Come, pray for us young converts, that we
 may travel on,
 And meet you all in glory, where our Re-
 deemer's gone.

7 6, 8.--BEDDOME.

1 GREAT God ! to thee I'll make
 My griefs and sorrows known,
 And with an humble hope
 Approach thine awful throne :
 Though by my sins deserving hell,
 I'll not despair ;—for, who can tell ?

2 To thee, who by a word
 My drooping soul canst cheer,
 And by thy Spirit form
 Thy glorious image there,
 My foes subdue, my fears dispel :
 I'll daily seek ;—for, who can tell ?

- 3 Endangered or distress,
 To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful help,
 And at thy footstool lie,
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait ;—for who can tell ?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
 And conscience storms within :
One gracious look from thee
 Will make it all serene :
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames ;—but who can tell ?
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone,
 Ye doubts, fly swift away,
God hath an ear to hear,
 While I've an heart to pray :
If he be mine, all will be well,
For ever so :—and who can tell ?
-

8

8s.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught each scene the note of woe
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow—
Behold the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
 On Jesus cast thy weighty load,
 In him, thy refuge, find thy rest,
 Safe in the mercy of thy God.
 Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word!
 O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!
-

9

C. M.

- 1 RELIGIO N is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know !
- 2 More needful thisthan glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows :
 Nor reputation, food, or health
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the lonely tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdued
 His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear ;

And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise!
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

C. M.

10

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud—
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:

If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

- 5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine —
Thine it shall ever be !

11

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies—
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

- But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate—
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 4 Thro' glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears,
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him who died for me.

- 5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustain'd my load—
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.
- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still,—
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe within his arms.
- 7 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Savior, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

C. M.

12

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this my prayer arise—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

13

L. M.—ADDISON.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand,
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth,—
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."











